

MORE HONOUR'D IN THE BREACH

by ROSINE de BOUNEVALLE

If there are two conceptions of rule more incompatible than Monarchy and Parliamentary Democracy, we have yet to hear of them. Yet there they are, seemingly inextricably combined in the form of government obtaining in Britain today for the most part viewed complacently at home and lauded enviously abroad. The public is now so accustomed to seeing our extremely photogenic royals carrying out with aplomb whatever commands, outrageous of sovereignty, are passed for approval via the House of Commons that it hardly notices what they are actually doing.

One by one, imperial responsibilities have been usurped until our sovereign is no more than a puppet directed and informed by who knows what arcane power wielded ostensibly through the manipulated majorities in the House of Commons, as James Callaghan made clear when he held the office of First Lord of the Treasury. This form of government is still, however, alluded to as rule by the Queen-in-Parliament, hence the party-sans' repudiation of an hereditary House of Lords — such a selective breed might one day have produced enough 'independents' to support a monarch determined to exercise the royal prerogative in accordance with the promises solemnly sworn at coronation which even in 1953 still included those "... to govern the people of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the dominions thereto belonging according to the statutes in parliament agreed on, and the respective laws and justice, in mercy, to be executed in all your judgements ... to maintain the laws of God ..." etc.

Perhaps it is the long time banishment from the classrooms of the teaching of both Christian faith and true history (replaced by "R.E." and "Current Affairs" or "Humanities") that is responsible for the prevailing public ignorance on the role of monarchy — an ignorance that, in charity, we must suppose extends to Her Majesty herself. How else could she have given assent to various immigration and so-called Race bills, and to the Treaty of Rome, thus making "the respective laws and customs belonging to Great Britain and Ireland" — to say nothing of "the dominions thereto belonging" — subordinate first to

those of a remorseless flood of aliens, and then to the *diktat* of a necessarily hostile, because internationalist, Commission? Where is the promised law and justice in those abrogations? Worse even than those is the abortion law; the royal assent to that is an absolute negation of the promise "... to the utmost of [her] power to maintain the laws of God ..."

"Since "Parliament", be it noted, includes atheists, agnostics, secular humanists and liberal all-sorts, the most part of whom are internationalists dedicated to the promotion of World Government, it follows that royal promises to govern the people "... according to statutes in parliament agreed on" and according to "the respective laws and customs of the same", at the same time "maintaining the laws of God ..." are, in practice, mutually exclusive. The monarch is no monarch at all who does not rule by Divine Grace. (By the grace of God — Queen — *not* by the will of traitors and stooges.) The experience of the last thirty years has only emphasized the terrible power of regicides clothed in the trappings of monarchy to destroy the people they profess to serve.

Bag And Baggage

We have to delve back a long way into the history that is no longer taught or preached in class or pulpit to learn how our people have fared under rulers by Divine Grace and dictators of the Rights of Man respectively.

It seems reasonable to begin with Edward I since he was the subject of some derogatory and repudiating remarks by the heir to the throne in a television interview some time ago. How many of the viewing audience, I wonder, were previously acquainted with the reason for the princely distaste? In the shade of present-day attitudes, it is a wonder that the first King Edward Plantagenet has not been expunged from the family tree. His was the unspeakable crime of saving his people from the ravages of usury. Having, at first, tried to do this by promulgating a Statute for the Jews, and finding that neither Jewish lenders nor Christian borrowers restrained themselves according to its tenets, he solved the problem by

sending the Jews out of the country along with bag and baggage. No one should be surprised to learn that from that time (apart from a little shaving of the coinage by Henry VIII) the value of money remained stable until the return of the tribes under the auspices of the regicide. Cromwell.

It was a Plantagenet, according to a recent letter from a friend of *Candour*, who chose St. George, a warrior saint, to be the patron of England, as St. Edmund and his like, though holy, were not thought to be inspiring enough for Crusaders! Be that as it may, the Plantagenets were too strong and patriotic for their enemies in their day until the last of them, Richard III, was betrayed on the field of battle by an envious rival, and slain to make a throne for Henry Tudor, descended from the wrong side of John of Gaunt's blanket. Richard III will never live down the reputation Shakespeare's transcendent poetry has made for him but it is curious for the student of almost any book of English history to learn what an excellent contemporary reputation Richard had both as a man and as a king. *Cui bono*, as the detective novels say, from the death of "the princes in the Tower"? The last of the Plantagenets did not need to murder them to rule (no one liked minors for monarchs in those days, with good cause, for they were always an excuse for every adult with the remotest blood claim to rule by proxy or usurpation). It was the Tudor new-comer who needed to root out all rivals. As the history book euphemistically relates: "Henry's first care was to secure [*sic*] the surviving members of the House of York"; none of them continued to survive long! So — the first Tudor was a murderous miser; the second, a murderous spendthrift and adulterer; the third, a diseased adolescent who died under the manipulations of a succession of money-grabbing politicians who all came to gory ends on Tower Green.

Then came the Lady Jane Grey, nine days a Queen — yet another short-lived tool. Here arrives on the scene the prototype of all political survivors, the forerunner of Tallyrand and von Papen, all with an inborn genius for knowing when to turn coat: William Cecil, fortified by parental acquisition of monastery property, somehow remained alive next to the throne whence all but he had been beheaded. He appears unobtrusively at coronations, impeachments and executions, even the rare death from natural causes, from Edward VI through Jane Grey, Mary I, Elizabeth I, surviving in life and history as the great Lord Burleigh, who dictated the execution of the bastard Elizabeth's legitimate rival, Mary, Queen of Scots.

It is the fashion nowadays to laud Tudor England as the greatest and noblest period in our history. The

genius of Shakespeare and the courage, fortitude and enterprise of our common forbears had more to do with that point of view than any of the diseased, debauched, persecuted and pusillanimous occupiers of the throne. The Tudors, with the possible exception of Mary who meant well, were a series of national disasters, ruled from the beginning by their own or their counsellors' appetites and ambitions. The dissolution of the monasteries and the division of the spoils under the direction of Thomas Cromwell, far from enriching the King, created of the "new men" — the recipients — a vested interest more powerful than any monarch. Henceforth, the king could no longer command men who were richer than himself and subject to no higher authority than their own interests.

Triumph Of Usurers

With the death of Elizabeth I, they no longer attempted to disguise their mastery. Charles I challenged it and lost, paying with his life. A decade of Cromwellian tyranny rendered the people ready, even enthusiastic for their king again, but Charles II was still too poor to rule; he only kept the Money Power at bay by wheedling subsidies out of Louis of France on the pretext of bringing England back to Catholicism. James II lacked his brother's guile, and was more open about his political incorruptibility. So many parallels we have from the present day. Unlike Ian Smith, James could not be made to surrender voluntarily, so he, like Richard III, was deserted the night before the decisive battle by a traitor whom he thought his friend. John Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, decamped with half the army to join the usurper William of Orange (James' son-in-law) with whom he had conspired to bring on the invasion. William was foisted on a bewildered people and bound by a Petition of Rights. *Whose* rights; that led to the ruin of three Kingdoms; the triumph of usurers; the inauguration of the National Debt that strangles us to this day?

When Henry VII of England was killing off his rivals, amassing his wealth and cheating his daughter-in-law, in Spain the untrammelled Queen Isabella of Castile (legitimate descendant of John of Gaunt) had, with the aid of her husband, Ferdinand of Aragon, by force of arms rid their country of the Moors. The royal warriors had achieved this in less than twenty-five years although the aliens of race and faith had been entrenched in cities, mosques and palaces all over southern Spain for seven centuries. Isabella was nineteen when she married Ferdinand and although she loved him dearly she insisted that the marriage treaty should contain a clause preventing Aragon from ever being favoured to the detriment of

Castile. When the Moors were ousted she found that many supposedly Christian Jews were flaunting themselves in the synagogues while garnering all the benefits of pretended conversion to the Catholic faith. When they proved unamenable to royal persuasion, she asked the Pope for the Inquisition to come and deal with them, which it did with success. Those familiar with today's "six million myth" will know what the sixteenth century reaction to that was.

In Isabella's realm, malefactors were dealt with justly and summarily. If death was the sentence, there was no waiting about for weeks or years; the execution took place on the morrow of conviction, as soon as the sinner had had an opportunity to confess and be absolved.

Lastly, the moment the primary task of ridding Spain of her alien intruders had been successfully concluded, though the state coffers were necessarily depleted, Isabella was far-sighted and brave enough to finance the first voyage of Christopher Columbus in search of the western passage to Cathay with the

results that were the envy of the renaissance world.

Remember Isabella of Castile when contemplating the current condition of Great Britain and Ireland. "Put not your trust in princes," says the Prayer Book, "*nor in any child of man*," though no would-be republican remembers *that* part. When compared with those of the children of men, the untrammelled efforts of princes by the grace of God come out rather well.

A. K. IN RHODESIA

A C120 cassette tape of A. K. Chesterton and Leslie Greene debating the perils of multi-racialism with Colonel David Stirling in Salisbury, Rhodesia, in July 1957.

PRICE £4 (£6 OVERSEAS)

Candour Publishing Company,

Forest House, Liss Forest, Hampshire.

CUT AND THRUST

In March the BBC *Brass Tacks* television series featured a group of unemployed Liverpoolians whose "new morality" depends on fiddling electricity meters, working on the side while collecting state benefit and plundering copper and other saleable materials from nearby derelict flats. That they were not necessarily an unrepresentative bunch of the unemployed was claimed by their spokesman, a qualified plasterer of indeterminate racial origin. He admitted, incredibly, that he has not bent his back in work for eleven years! "Our fiddles are done because they are necessary," he explained. "Jobs are a thing of the past." He said he saw a new class emerging in addition to the upper, middle and working classes — the subsistence class — taking its jobless benefits and then its chances. I wonder if the ponce class would not be a more appropriate epithet! A local vicar found it hard, predictably, to condemn his "parishioners" (how many, I should like to know, actually attend church) for stealing from the empty flats: "One could almost see it as good stewardship of materials." Their good stewardship does not extend to their environment, the film made clear, for the gardens of their council flats were liberally littered with rubbish and debris.

The views expressed by the men who were interviewed, if they do not represent the majority of the workless, do indeed, I fear, represent a strong trend,

and perhaps more than that, the spirit of our unrealistic and unhappy times. I am left wondering as to where this new "morality" will lead us, or what residual effect it might have on society even if the perilous evils of the financial system are overcome and the contemptible antics curbed of the politicians who deprive hundreds of thousands of workers of their jobs so as to ingratiate themselves with the power of finance.

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A short time later, we saw the reverse side of the coin. The subject of James Bellini's BBC-2 programme, *The Polite Conspiracy*, was our tax system, which he charged with having the effect of making the rich richer and accountants increase and multiply. The latter make their mint by burrowing through the system like maggots through cheese! To demonstrate his points about the *upper-ponce* class, Bellini introduced a fictional well-heeled family, able to make the best out of the worst for themselves with expert aid, and their individual cases were interspersed with "expert comment". We saw management executives being instructed in combinations of allowable benefits which can increase five or six-figure salaries by up to thirty per cent. Many prosperous farmers, it transpired, work the system to such an advantage that they fork out less tax than their under-paid land-labourers!

I have seen the figure of four billion pounds recently advanced as the sum that tax fiddlers cost the country each year — which is enough to build 250 new hospitals! This fact underlines the absurdity of the Government's position, for its economic and fiscal policies have created a welfare system for the rich at the same time as there have been drastic cut-backs on welfare for the poor.

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In dealing with an enquiry about Mrs. Thatcher's demand for a £450 million rebate from the EEC (which, if she gets it, the Commission will dictate to her how to spend), the Liberal MP David Alton said on *Any Questions* that two-and-a-half million jobs would be lost if we left the Common Market. What utter nonsense! He was repeating the discredited CBI figures that were bandied about at the time of last year's general election by Euro-fanatics like Edward Heath. We import more than three pounds' worth of manufactures from the EEC for every two pounds' worth that we export to them. If trade came to a halt on our escape from the Brussels Trap, we would fare *better* than the EEC, for even on the basis of the CBI figures, the net *gain* in British jobs would be one-and-a-quarter million. Trade will not come to a halt, of course, for they have far more to lose than we have. Anyway, who has ever told us where the two-and-a-half million jobs would disappear? The only ones I can think of are Euro-MPs, Commissioners, interpreters, clerical staff, plus a few merchant bankers!

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The violent and lawless conduct employed by Yorkshire and South Wales flying pickets involved in the coal strike, which led in its first days to the death of one of their number, is an abomination against which the very firmest measures should have been taken as soon as it manifested itself. Whether or not the strike was justified — and I would concede some evidence exists that the N.U.M. has been cynically manipulated by Mr. McGregor in his efforts to secure the contraction of the coal industry — there can be no justification for strikers who use violence, especially against their fellow-miners. The fact that many of Mr. Scargill's boot-boys are very stupid individuals is no excuse. Even the stupidest of them must realise that in the long run they are gaining their cause no favours. Only a few days ago I read in *The Times* that working miners at the Hern Heath pit in North Staffordshire found their car windcreens smashed, tyres ripped, and concrete and metal objects strewn in the road by a mob of South Wales miners. Pickets also urinated into plastic bags and threw them at men reporting for duty. This

is sickening and is indicative of the extent to which our standards have declined as a people.

What is equally sickening is the failure of supposedly responsible union leaders to denounce the use of such mindless violence. "We are not using pickets," retorts the smug president of the South Wales NUM, with one eye on Mr. Tebbit's new law. "Our lads are lobbying." The Yorkshire miners' mentality is as infinitely subtle. Mr. Geoff Naylor, the NUM branch official at the mine where the dead flying picket worked, put his death down to "a load of local yobs who came out of a boozier rolling drunk and looking for trouble." As Auberon Waugh perceptively commented in *The Spectator*, "It is interesting to see how the villagers, defending their area and livelihoods against an invasion of strangers with uncouth accents, become branded as bullies and yobs." The "yobs", in fact, are Comrade Scargill's itinerant hooligans, one of whom I heard snarl at a T.V. cameraman, "If tha puts that on, ah'll thump thee." Even if the union leaders wish to maintain their attitude that stories of violence are largely media exaggerations, they would still command more respect if they were to show unmistakably their own abhorrence of such methods.

The wave of violence witnessed in the coalfields is the natural result of years of treating all strikers as sacred cows, against whom action must be avoided at all costs whatever they may do. Unless this capitulatory attitude is very rapidly abandoned — for despite Labour Party and NUM yelps, the police on the whole have behaved very timorously — and strict penalties inflicted on strikers who resort to violence *and on those demagogues who incite them*, bullying and thuggery will continue to be used by a minority to intimidate the majority from working.

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The suggestion by Mr. Tony Marlow, the Tory MP for Northampton North, that some mines should be leased to the miners themselves would, perhaps, help solve the problem of their truculent mentality. Over the last thirty-five years, the miners have lacked the "new spirit" that was supposed to emerge when the coalfields were taken into state ownership. Mr. Marlow argued that such an experiment in the co-operative ownership and production of coal would provide the miners with more control over their own futures and their own employment. With miners, technicians and local citizens constituting the real authority, instead of the remote and aloof National Coal Board, a genuine new spirit might indeed be put into the colliers' hearts. I suspect syndicalisation would certainly save much money and produce more coal, as miners would be less prone to engage in damaging bickering over pay and prices. Even an

obdurate character like Arthur Scargill might be prompted to find more positive methods of advancing his members interests.

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The Lord Mayor of Bradford, Mr. Norman Free, is a brave man, for he has declared himself against the right claimed by the city's huge Asian population to halal meat. As with the kosher method of slaughter, halal requires that the beast shall be forced into a cramped revolving drum and turned upside down. It then has its throat cut with a knife and is in stark agony for up to two minutes while its blood drains away. Iniquitously, the legality of this barbarous act is protected under the 1974 Slaughterhouse Act. Evidently, Mr. Free's objections have been greeted with a frosty stare by his fellow-councillors, for they have voted 59 to 15 against pressure from animal lovers to ban the vile practice. Tories and Socialists were found on the same side, for the desire to ingratiate themselves with Asian ascendancy knows no party boundaries.

I see from the press that the animal campaigners have been joined in their efforts by local British National Party members, who on March 7th organised a demonstration by white school-pupils against halal. Strangely enough — or is it so strange — the race relations merchants are now expressing the view that critics of the halal method of slaughter should be indicted under the provisions of the Race Relations Acts. The day cannot be far advanced, if it has not already arrived, when the only peoples in the British Isles it will be safe to criticise will be those of Anglo-Saxon and Celtic origin.

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The latest notion to emerge from the Home Office is that instead of being imprisoned, criminals should visit the victims of their acts and "make reparation" for what they have done. People who experience the shock and horror of street crime or burglary are hardly likely to want to have to face the villains responsible, even if the police or, as is more likely, a good-for-nothing social worker were present. As for a "sentence", it would be derisory. Far more comfort would be gained from knowing that they have been caught and *punished*. However, that would never do for the leniency advocates of the Home Office, who are cursed with the rot of a run-to-seed liberalism. These half-baked humanitarians always feel sorrier for the thug or mugger than for his victim.

What the simpering liberal fails to appreciate is when it is *not* apparent that the crime is punished, it becomes quite manifest to the criminal that he has

"got away with it". This is particularly bad where young people are concerned. How can their parents control them when society refuses to countenance anything unpleasant? Justice must be *seen* to be done and I doubt whether being required to face one's victim would be any kind of deterrent. Instead of being treated as pampered pets, the burglar or the mugger should be made to do some hard and unpleasant work, such as breaking stones or sewing mail-bags — anything they earn over bare subsistence should be used to reimburse their unfortunate victims. I doubt if many of them would *bo gack* for more if the treatment were properly administered.

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The perversion of history to magnify the role of the putatively under-privileged Negro is no new phenomenon. But whereas once it was found only in extreme Black nationalist literature, the position has rapidly changed in the last ten years as falsifications have been repeated more and more often in an ever-widening field of publications. The crusade to glorify the Negro's African past and credit him with major achievements has used the Prince of Wales' visit to what was once Rhodesia to attribute the Zimbabwean complex of ruins to the Bantu's genius. It is true that more than one archaeologist has supported this view over the years, but according to *The Times'* man on the ground, "no serious scholar now doubts that the ruins are of African origin." He should have said that no scholar who thinks the ruins are of African making can be serious! Evidently, *The Times'* archaeological sage has not heard of an authority such as Professor Gayre, who has long lent himself to the opposite conclusion, viz. that the Zimbabwean culture started at a time *circa* 1200 AD long before the Negro arrived there in any numbers. Gayre's opinion is that all its intricate masonry, its civilised motifs point to derivation from Arabia and India, or even China.

The falsification to which, presumably, Prince Charles is prepared to lend his name is designed to suggest that the Negro peoples have been done a great injustice since the arrival of the White man in Africa, and that they come from a high civilisation. It has as much validity as claims that might be made in the dispossessed Britain of 2784 AD that the GPO Tower was the product of the architectural genius of the late twentieth century inhabitants of Brixton and Notting Hill!

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The National Council for Civil Liberties, in what is a patently *unlibertarian* gesture, has decided at its

annual general meeting that it will no longer recognise the civil rights of members of the National Front. The NF's "crime", naturally, is that it refuses to accept the dogmas of the proponents of race-mixture. The decision to instruct NCCL officials to withhold legal and other advice from Front supporters is merely further evidence that the title of that left-wing front is a complete misnomer. Indeed, how appropriate that in this Orwellian year of "Newspeak" the NF should have its civil liberties denied by a body that purports to uphold them! In future, I read in *The Times*, the NCCL is to identify itself with what executive member Jacob Ecclestone terms its "natural constituency" — blacks, homosexuals, man-hating "feminists", bomb-banners, flying pickets and all the other devotees of an updated "Ingsoc". Ironically, those heretical deviants from the principles of "Ingsoc" who constitute the National Front, and who are smeared as "fascists" by the media in retribution, voted at their 1981 AGM for a Bill of Rights to protect and reinforce civil liberties. All political groups who do not take up arms against the state it was agreed, should be able to exercise fundamental rights of speech and assembly regardless of whether or not they dissent from the establishment's orthodoxy, and the resolution became a platform in the NF's election manifesto last year. So who are the *true* libertarians, I wonder?

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I wonder what the "civil rights" brigade have to say about this: Four years ago the Abbe de Nantes' Catholic Counter-Reformation bulletin carried a letter from a Frenchman who related an appalling story told to him by an international long-distance lorry-driver. At the Italian frontier, the sanitary inspectors opened a refrigerated lorry in front of him which was found to be carrying in plastic bags, sealed and numbered, foetuses (for the plain speaker, unborn babies) by the hundred. This was no isolated incident, for it was claimed that *every week* the lorry crossed the border from French hospitals laden with the assassinated children of France, bound for the cosmetic business merchants of Italy. So scandalising is the extraordinarily evil experimentation on human foetuses, *including live ones* — for cosmetics research has grown to such proportions since 1980 — conducted without so much as a squeak of protest from those who shout so loudly about experiments on animals — that a group of European MPs, led by Herr Otto Habsburg, is now demanding that the matter be investigated by a committee of the European Parliament. They said that experiments are

carried out on foetuses between twelve and twenty-one weeks old, *which are removed from their mothers whole and live*, then dissected to remove certain organs which are frozen.

What hope is there for a Europe that not only massacres its own offspring by the million simply to indulge its licentious lust, but tolerates such abominable cruelty to nascent human beings? All the unused bombs in existence do not as deliberately offend God as this crime, which makes the *cliché* "Hell upon Earth" a vivid reality. Our chastisement, when it comes and whatever form it assumes, will be thoroughly merited, for it will extinguish a society so iniquitous as to be quite literally beyond redemption.

HUGH McNEILE.

REQUIESCANT IN PACE

It is with great regret that *Candour* has learned of the death of John Boas, of Victoria, Australia. During the last years of his life he was a generous and faithful supporter of this journal. All who are concerned to defend national sovereignty are losers by his death.

"You Lucky People: A Message of Congratulation from Supporters of Enoch Powell to the 3 Million Unemployed". S.A.E. to Albert Elder, 1 Gannet House, 6 Hartington Place, Eastbourne.

OBITUARY

Sadly, we have recently lost another friend, the fiery Air Commodore Gerard Oddie, D.F.C., A.F.C., who died a few weeks ago at the age of 88 after a distinguished career.

He who so often took nationalists to task for not filling their publications with pathetic biblical quotations nevertheless supported "Candour" from A.K.'s days with generosity and irascible continuity. He was a member of the National Council of the League of Empire Loyalists and afterwards of the National Front in its first phase.

We shall miss him and pray that he now rests in peace at last.

SYMPOSIUM ON SURVIVAL

by ANTHONY BEAMISH

No nation can survive the strains and stresses of a dynamic world unless its prevailing concepts are based upon some sort of philosophy for survival. During the last fifty years or more, sedulous care has been taken to persuade the British nation to accept a policy of non-survival. Internationalist fanatics, schools of pacifists, race relations zealots — almost the entire Left-wing, including the soft core of Liberalism — have spread their miasma, with the result that the people are drugged and bedazed and so conditioned that they reserve their loudest applause for the most grotesque and preposterous fantasies.

The tensions of the present, more nerve-wracking than any in the past, and certain to increase with the years, cannot be cured by dope or short-circuited by trickery. The nation must face up to reality or die. Our first, most desperate need, is to acquire once again a philosophy for survival, for without such a spiritual foundation there can be no will to survive.

Rising Echoes

To contribute to this end, a group of young activists associated with *Rising* magazine have put together a collection of extracts from the writings of a wide range of early twentieth-century Europeans of varying nationalist hues.* Their political ideas and spiritual ideals, claims the booklet's sub-title, constitute the "roots of the national revolution". The representations of the great heritage of British patriotic thinking include a couple of essays by G. K. Chesterton and the rural enthusiast Richard Jeffries, a polemic on rent and interest by that very British socialist Bob Blatchford, a piece on syndicalism by the Mosley acolyte Raven Thompson, an extract from a William Morris novel and, by far the best, Viscount Lympington's brilliant advocacy of the back-to-the-land movement. Curiously, there is no trace of Belloc, Fahey, Cobbett or Douglas. The emphasis, in fact, tends to be on roots other than those found in our own national soil.

This reviewer appreciates the point made in the booklet's introduction that certain ideas which are the foundation stones of nationalism are applicable to all European nations, but he cannot summon up enthusiasm for the fact that almost half the contributions are rather tedious essays by German Nazis, whose pens obviously plodded a long way behind whatever gifts of the gab they possessed! It will be a tragedy if yet another generation of nationalists allows itself to be entranced by the Nazi legend, the excesses of which discredited it beyond hope of

redemption. The lessons of yesterday should be applied to tomorrow!

If what is desired is a worthy future for the British nation, surely the revival of voices should be in accents more authentically in harmony with the native instinct. For instance, although the Strassers, being Catholics, perceived accurately the lot of the property-less worker in a Capitalist economy, the catastrophic dichotomy between productive work and responsible ownership was exposed with greater erudition, and *pertinence to the British*, by Hilaire Belloc, who to any reasonable mind is untainted by the Fascist nexus. Each nation, as the *Rising* booklet sensibly affirms, must "build its own revolution in keeping with the traditions and character of its own people."

Indeed, if this writer were to seek animation from the ideas of *any* foreign nationalist, it would be Dr. Antonio de Oliveira Salazar to whom he would look. This great statesman's salvation of Catholic Portugal after decades of alien domination, culminating in virtual control by foreign bond-holders, the deposing of the King, and the imposition by the Grand Orient of governments which succeeded in promoting only chaos, revolution and decadence, should serve as a profound inspiration to the patriotic fighters of every land.

Nevertheless, the British passages in the *Rising* group's symposium will be of interest to all those who seek to renew the spiritual will of our people to survive, for its editors intend them as a contribution to the current debate about the aims, the objectives, the state of affairs and the order to which nationalists should aspire. A movement led solely from the study, however, is scarcely likely to set the land on fire. What would serve as a worthy and essential companion volume is a treatise which thinks in terms of a philosophy for *action*: the movement and the means which will permit patriots to reach their aims more surely.

...**Yesterday and Tomorrow* (96pp illus.) is available from Nationalist Books, 50 Pawsons Road, Croydon, Surrey CR0 2QF. Price £2.46, including postage.

TO VOTE IN THE ELECTION FOR THE SO-CALLED EUROPEAN PARLIAMENT IS SEDITIOUS OF THE QUEEN'S SOVEREIGNTY AND OF THE FREEDOM OF THE UNITED KINGDOM. THEREFORE, WE CALL UPON ALL LOYAL BRITONS TO ABSTAIN FROM VOTING. SHOW THE E.E.C. BUREAUCRATS THAT WE WANT "OUT"!

LIGHT AND BITTER

by JANUS

Cranks' Congress

I have been sent a handbill advertising an "Alternative Britain" rally at the Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1, on April 28th. The speakers include a Greenham Common hag, an Ecologist, a Quaker, an anti-vivisectionist and Henderson Dalrymple, Esq., of the *Caribbean Times*! Chairing the occasion is Lambeth's Red Ted Knight, and for those fancying a bite to eat the fare is a choice of Indian or vegetarian. What a shower they all are! The line-up reminds me of what Orwell scornfully called "that dreary tribe of high-minded women and sandal-wearers and bearded fruit-juice drinkers who come flocking towards the smell of 'progress' like bluebottles to a dead cat". So far from representing an alternative, this bunch strike me as pretty well summing up the Britain we are lumbered with right now. I, too, am an animal lover and an anti-vivisectionist, but I shudder at entrusting our four-legged friends to this Gang of Jaw, with their incessant and detestable liberal-lefty prattle about the world owing them a living. I certainly wouldn't trust the beggars with my beloved cat. Of course, there are good vegetarians and good anti-vivisectionists, but only crooks and half-wits would fork out a couple of pounds to link up with the political sweepings orchestrating this rally.

Mac The Knife

When John Junor saw the frail figure of Harold Macmillan in a wheelchair at the graveside of his son Maurice, he told readers of his *Sunday Express* column that all he felt was sorrow. No matter what glory Macmillan achieved or what further honours are heaped upon him, he has suffered "the ultimate tragedy of living longer than his only son". Many other people, Sir John, have had that experience, especially in Africa, because of "Winds of Change" Mac — Blacks and Whites alike.

Shine On, Greenham Moon

Guinness heiress Lady Caroline Hamilton-Temple-Blackwood received a mortal shock when she visited the nuclear "ladies" outside the main gate at Greenham Common. She had gone there to gather material for a book. Why a book about them is necessary, Heaven only knows, as they are clearly experts in raucous self-advertisement. Anyway, in the course of her visit, a busload of airmen drove up, dropped their pants and bared their buttocks to

her. "They were bending over like ostriches," fretted the shy and tender Lady H-T-B. "I have never actually seen something so unpleasant." She said she did not know if the servicemen were actually Yanks "because I only saw their buttocks". Bernard Levin observed in *The Times* that they couldn't have been Ruskies, for they would have had snow on their bumskies. A policeman suggested Milady take the incident with a pinch of salt as the baring of behinds is an established mode of abuse in the States. *Not* to be approved, I suppose, for if the airmen will show their bottoms to a lady of title, what might they not reveal to the more humbly1born peaceniks? But worse things happen on the public theatre stage these days and on television. And there's no good complaining to the police about *that*, either.

Judge's Rules

A Bengali family who imprisoned and tortured two boys for "pestering" their 14-year-old daughter have been "rapped" by an Old Bailey Judge. Giving the father a *suspended* 12-month jail term — he had scarred the boys' faces with a red-hot screwdriver and, ironically, they were *not* the lads who had annoyed his daughter — Judge Lewisohn sternly warned him: "Leniency will not always be shown to members of your community if you try to take the law into your own hands." Now if *white* people had done this to coloureds (and the excuse that the coloureds had "pestered" a white girl would have been counted as pretty weak), you can bet that the beak hearing the case would not have confined himself to a suspended stretch. The B.B.C., *The Guardian* and all the bleeding-heart media would have seen to that by featuring the case and insisting on the whole nation's indignation. *This* one I read about in a throw-away East London news-sheet. As for any judge daring to show "leniency" to white people, that would spark off a race riot!

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